Q. *Mary*'s Lamentation.

I ſigh, and lament me in vain;
  Theſe walls can but echo my moan:
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
  When I think of the days that are gone.
Thro' the grate of my priſon I ſee
  The birds, as they wanton in air:
My heart how it pants to be free——
  My looks they are wild with deſpair.

Above tho' oppreſs'd by my fate,
  I burn with contempt for my foes;
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
  She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.
Falſe woman——in ages to come,
  Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
  Some heart ſtill will ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and diſmay
  With ſilence and ſolitude dwell,
How comfortleſs paſſes the day,
  How ſad tolls the evening bell——
The owls from the battlement cry,
  Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around
"Oh——Mary prepare thee to die"——
  My blood it runs cold at the ſound.